

THE "BOSS" IN 2001 A. D.

BY C. G. BUSH.



"Come Down Out of That, Young Feller an' Vote!"

OUR SPORTS IN 2001 A. D.

By J. CAMPBELL CORY.



And Americans Ahead in Everything, as Now.

NEW YORK CITY 100 YEARS AGO.

THE city was lighted only "in the dark of the moon" by flickering whale-oil lanterns placed 114 feet apart. Wood was the common fuel. Along Broadway the houses were built of brick; elsewhere they were made of wood and painted. The average merchant lived over his store. Business began 9 A. M. and ended at 9 P. M. Streets were swept by the householders. On Saturday morning brick sidewalks were laid. Men wore mustaches, but not beards. Smoking was regarded as an Indian habit and was not common. Sherry was the favorite wine. Whiskey was drunk in Baltimore, but not in New York. Milk was brought from New Jersey and peddled from door to door by women. There were but two theatres, and they were poorly supported. The favorite walk of the young people was to the Battery and back across the ferry to Hoboken. There was not a light to guide vessels. Sandy Hook was the Battery. Philadelphia was thirteen hours distant by stage. Buffalo four days and three nights. News was carried by postboys. On mail a day passed between New York and Washington. The Bible and "Pillars of the Church" were in every home. Weather-brackets, coarse weather-jackets, and weather-jackets were in every home.

OUR BABIES IN 2001 A. D.

By Ferdinand G. Long.



They will begin life where we are just leaving off.

DEFINED.
"An abstract noun," the master said, "is the name of something which you can think of but not touch. Can you give me an example?"
"A red-hot poker!" was one bright pupil's reply.

REASURED.
He—I wonder why everybody keeps looking at me? Do you see any reason for it, Miss Katosh?
She (after a glance at his countenance)—No, really, I can't see why any one should look twice.

The World.

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—THE AGE OF THE COMMON MAN.

A new century—the new century! What does it mean to you? Why do you salute its dawn so cheerfully, so hopefully?

Nine centuries have passed since the world that measures time from the birth of Jesus has paid any especial attention to the mere numeral marking the change of century. The last time was the year 1000. Then all Christendom believed that the period for the end of time fixed in the Bible had come and that the millennium was to begin. During that entire year people of all classes and conditions daily and hourly expected the appearance of the angel who would stand with one foot on the land and one foot on the sea and herald the reign of heaven upon earth, the reign of peace and justice.

Nine centuries, and again the world that progresses notes a numeral—the Twentieth Century—with expectation.

Why?

For answer we must look back over the century that has just passed.

Gladstone once said that if he were asked to sum up the Nineteenth Century in a phrase, he would say that it was:

"UNHAND ME!"

That is, in the Nineteenth Century man, prone upon the earth, loaded with the chains of mental and physical tyranny wherewith ignorance and superstition had bound him, staggered to his feet and began to shake off his shackles one by one.

What is the meaning of all these material wonders of the past century? What is the deepening significance of steamship and railway, telegraph and electric light, the harnessing of steam and electricity to race over land and sea, bearing comfort and enlightenment and aspiration into the remotest places, to the humblest persons?

Until this century institutions ruled everywhere. The king was no less the slave of these institutions than the peasant. The individual man was nothing, an unidentified atom. Some of these atoms were labelled king, others prince, others burgher, others peasant. But not one of them ever thought Goethe's great thought when he was five years old and ran to his mother, shouting:

"Mutter, Mutter, ich bin ein Ich!" (Mother, Mother, I am an I!)

All were regarded as, and regarded themselves as, part of "the machine."

To-day, how different!

Science has come. And swift as the lightning she is stamping upon each of these atoms an individuality, is breathing into each of them a consciousness of identity, importance, dignity—a consciousness of the possibilities of individual achievement.

The Nineteenth Century has been paving the way to make of the Twentieth Century—

The Age of the Common Man.

Not to states, not to institutions, not to castes and orders and ranks belongs the Twentieth Century.

It belongs to the Common Man—to you, with your stout heart and your willing and capable hands, and your active, eager brain, and your sense of the equal rights of all men.

What is the watchword of this new day?

It is—YOU.

From lip to lip, from hand to hand, from race to race flies the "password eternal"—Freedom and Democracy.

Voltaire, an old man, battling for fifty years for the rights of man, grew not disheartened but discouraged in his old age. He could not see into the future, could not see how swift progress was even then about to become. So he wrote in cynical mood to one of his young friends:

"No matter how vigorously you bestir yourself, you will leave the world as wicked and as foolish as you found it."

How the Nineteenth Century has belied all the prophecies of pessimism. And how the Twentieth Century will belie all the prophecies of its pessimists.

To realize this you must penetrate the dust and noise and clamor that constitute the surface of things. You must look deep at the reality, and at last make out the lines of the Common Man—the toiler at the desk and bench and lever and plough, his mind bent upon his work, his work the improvement of his own condition and the handing down of the heritage of life richer and better in every way than he found it.

Under many skies and many flags this Common Man is building as silently, as surely as the coral insect, building an enduring civilization whose foundations will be Knowledge, Justice and Freedom.

Don't worry. Trust to that Common Man.

Our ancestors of nine centuries ago watched for an angel from the skies. And lo! each was entertaining that angel in his own bosom unawares!

Trust the Common Man. Trust Yourself. And for the new century take a new motto:

"Think and Work!"

New Century! Right glad are we

This New Year's morn to meet you!

And may you bring some pleasant thing

To all the folk who greet you!

LOVELY WOMAN IN 2001 A. D.

By T. E. POWERS.



And She Will Be Still "Advancing."

LIFE A CENTURY AGO.

ONE hundred years ago a man could not take a ride on a steamboat.

He could not go from Washington to New York in a few hours.

He had never seen an electric light or dreamed of an electric car.

He could not send a telegram.

He could not talk through the telephone and he had never heard of the hello girl.

He could not ride a bicycle.

He could not call in a stenographer and dictate a letter.

He had never received a typewritten communication.

He had never heard of the germ theory or worried over bacilli and bacteria.

He never looked at a photograph or had his picture taken.

He never heard a phonograph talk or saw a kinetoscope turn out a prize-fight.

He never saw through a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary with the aid of a footstaple.

He had never taken a ride in an elevator.

He had never imagined such a thing as a typesetting machine or a typewriter.

He had never used anything but a wooden plough.

He had never seen his wife using a sewing-machine.

He had never struck a match on his pants or anything else.

He couldn't take an anaesthetic and have his leg cut off without feeling it.

He had never purchased a 10-cent magazine which would have been regarded as a miracle of art.

He could not buy a paper for a cent and learn everything that had happened the day before all over the world.

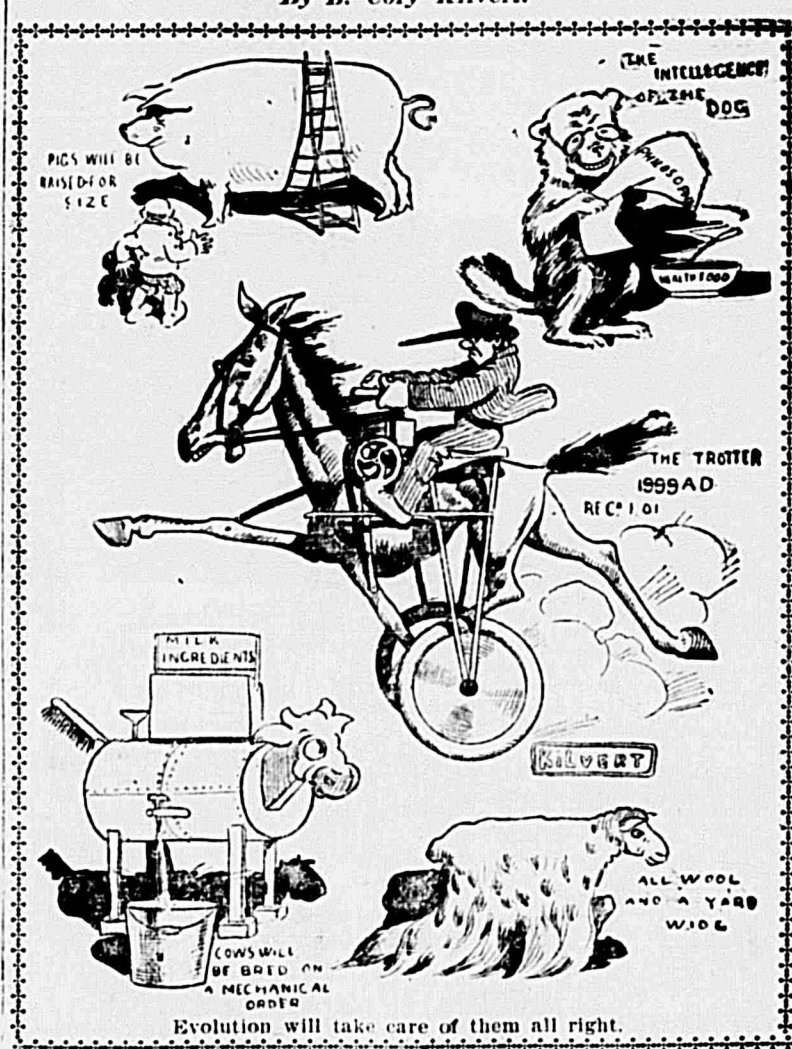
He had never seen a McCormack reaper or a self-binding harvester.

He had never crossed an iron bridge.

In short there were several things that he could not do and several things he did not know.

OUR ANIMALS IN 2001 A. D.

By B. Cory Kilvert.



THE 20TH CENTURY WOMAN BY HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

ALL to the woman of the twentieth century!

In her highest expressions she takes her place in the evolution of the world, and her rightful claim to superiority over the typical woman of the early part of the last century must be accorded without sentiment or prejudice by every fair-minded person.

Physically alone the girl of the twentieth century has made marvelous strides away from the typical maiden of the early part of the nineteenth century.

Those of us who have watched her development exult to-day in the twentieth-century maiden, with her bright, roguish eyes, her blowing hair, her radiant health and magnificent spirits, her sun-burned face, even her abandon, which I grant sometimes is carried too far, and jars a little even on advanced ears; yet we know it is a thousand times more hopeful and more wholesome than the affectation and sentimentality which stood for womanliness in her great-grandmother.

Taken physically alone, the girl of to-day is a goddess compared to her sister of 1800.

She is taller, stronger, more harmoniously formed, weighs more and lives longer than her progenitor, who entered the nineteenth century the same age.

The average height of the woman of 1800 was five feet three inches.

To-day it is five feet six inches.

A well-formed, symmetrical girl to-day will weigh 135 pound, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh on her harmoniously developed body.

The maid of 1800 was regarded as vulgar if she had not the appearance of being extremely delicate physically, and 100 pounds was her average weight.

The twentieth-century girl is a creature of splendid health, superb vigor and adorable fitness for the most sacred functions that devolve upon her sex.

Look up your old miniatures, your family portraits, your novels and diaries of the beginning of the nineteenth century and agree with me that beside the fragile, half-invalid, wholly dependent and angelic prettiness which historically reveal our forbears, the short-skirted, sensibly-shod, ruddy-cheeked daughter of 1800 is altogether adorable by contrast to the eye of the beholder.

The heroines of Richardson's novels, with their ringlets, their fainting fits, their megrims, their tears, their follies and little tragedies we must assume were founded on something real in the way of womanhood at that period.

Youth was inevitably associated with book-muslin curls, a small rosebud mouth and an innocence which stood for an absolute ignorance of all life's problems, that exposed every girl to

our sweet ancestors awaits equality—morally, the twentieth-century woman insists upon equality, which finds no sex in skin, and declares for her, and claims the opportunity of working out her own destiny, the right for the full and untrammeled exercise of all her faculties.

Not behind man, not as his inferior, not as a petted doll enshrouded in cotton, a thing apart from all the earnest side of life—but as his equal in capacity and responsibility in the strenuous struggle to reach high ideals.

There are six millions of us in this country to-day, wage-earners in professional and industrial callings, six millions of money-making women in occupations requiring more or less skill. Except the army and navy, we have stormed every profession and utilized every trade, in a determination each woman, to become a conqueror in the world.

When it comes to the oft repeated attack that the womanliness of the sex has been sacrificed to her emancipation, I beg leave, with reverence, to point to a lady who realizes the highest ideal of beauty, womanliness, modesty and nobility of the past or of any century.

But not only physically does the young woman of the twentieth century present herself equipped for the duties of life. She takes her place beside man mentally. What he has done she can do; she has proved it in thousands of fields where, without education or knowledge or preparation, she has out-reached the male competitor.

No! a shadow's length behind the twentieth-century youth in her mentality does our new woman lag.

Morally—and here I can almost picture the rattling of bones in the old New York church vaults, where the dust of

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